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Heliotrope

Every sunbeam when it dies,
 Leaves a dewdrop 'mongst the roses;
 Every song an echo hides
 In the silence, when it closes;
 And my love a promise left me
 When one sweet, sweet day was over—
 'Tis this bit of Heliotrope
 Hid within an old book's cover !
 Just a common piece of glass,
 Mirrors back the sunbeam's motion;
 Just a little empty shell
 Holds the echoes of an ocean;
 But for me a charm still smaller
 Holds the light and song of ages—
 Just a bit of Heliotrope
 Pressed between an old book's pages !

John Erskine

A Story of the War

WITHIN the station the babble of a great multitude blended to almost a roar. Men were stalking anxiously about, peering into the windows of cars crowded with soldiers, and women were scurrying in and out like disturbed chickens. Now and then the rythmical tread of soldierly feet smote sharply through the confusion, or a curt order was followed by a rush of obedient footsteps, or a high-loaded baggage wagon rumbled clumsily up one of the platforms, dying away in the babble of sounds like a low thunderclap in a heavy rain.

But now, at last, the multitude seemed to have become more settled. Almost every one appeared to have found whom he was seeking, and each car window was surrounded by a bevy of relatives and friends interested in the soldier within. The men spoke little, the women exhibited a demonstrativeness that verged to tears.

Yet, for all the crowd, there was one soldier in one of the front cars who seemed to have no share in the profuse chorus of farewell. He was a great, broad-shouldered fellow, with a shock of curly, light-brown hair, and a face good-natured, ruddy and rather full. He kept peering anxiously down the platform as if expecting some one. Then suddenly his face lighted up with gratification.

For a tall, dark young man, dressed neatly in blue serge, was edging his way swiftly through the crowd. Sweeping with his eyes the long line of faces in the cars he hastened up to where the friend he was seeking beckoned to him from the window.

"Well, Billy," said he of the blue serge, "I couldn't get here any sooner. I had four cuts in Math. already, so I was forced to attend to-day."

"Awfully glad to see you, old man," cried the soldier, warmly, grasping the other's hand. "Mother is ill and father too busy to see me off; and it cheers a fellow mightily to have some one come."

Then the conversation drifted into various channels—college, and the crew, and athletics and a new play—until finally the engine gave a few sharp shrieks, and a slow ripple of farewell swept along the crowd.

The talk had turned to home channels, and Billy was just saying, "Remember me to your sister, Tom," while an expression, almost of wistfulness, stole over his face.

"O, yes," exclaimed his friend, "I almost forgot. Amy

told me to be sure to give you this;" and he handed the other a plain gold locket.

Then, as the train began to move away, "Good-bye," cried the soldier, cheerily.

"Good-bye, old man—God bless you!" And the words were accompanied by the firm hand-grip which means more among men, than the wildest embraces. And after the train had rumbled away, and been long lost in the babble of sounds, Tom Chidwell stood staring dumbly after it.

Going up in the cars, when he reached New York, he thought it all over. He and Billy Warburton had been chums almost since they entered college. They first met and became acquainted at the coat-room window where an enterprising Sophomore had informed them the Dean could be found. They helped each other through the trying first few days of college. Then they fought together in every college scrap. Both were cane men. Gradually their friendship deepened, until they became almost inseparable and were laughingly dubbed by their comrades the "Heavenly Twins." Billy, while not remarkably distinguishing himself for scholarship, made the Freshman crew and afterwards the 'Varsity. Tom, on the other hand, was considered one of the brightest men in the class, and stood very high in his studies.

When, toward the end of one college year, the war with Spain smouldered up, Billy Warburton prepared to go with his regiment. Tom, also, felt all his hot blood leap up at the thought of a real fight. He brooded long over it, and one night after dinner he abruptly asked his father to allow him to enlist.

The father, a gruff old gentleman, refused to permit Tom to abandon an education which was costing no small amount of money. He declared he was not in sympathy with the war which was merely a political *coup*. But he concluded finally

by saying: "On the fifth of June, my boy, you will be twenty-one years old. Then you will become your own master, and may do as you please."

"The fifth of June," thought Tom, as he rode uptown, "it will be too late, too late."

And miles away, in a moving train crowded with soldiers, a great, broad-shouldered youth with a shock of curly hair was gazing silently at the bright face of a girl, surrounded by a border of light-blue and white, in a locket of plain gold.

* * * * *

It was the afternoon of the first of July. The road to the front from the town of Siboney was a chaos of confusion. Clumsy commissary wagons, drawn by plunging mules, lurched along. Men on horses or mules rode hither and thither, and now and then, galloping wildly, an orderly flashed up, dashed away, and was gone, tumbling to right and left the scattered pedestrians in his path. The road itself was strewn with the mass of refuse scattered by an advancing army.

In one place a gang of dusty soldiers, who had been repairing a bad spot in the road, were discussing the latest vague rumors of battle with a shaggy man with one arm in a sling who had just come from division hospital, eight miles away. The new-comer was describing graphically how his regiment had fought and licked a whole brigade of Spaniards. The others stared at him, wondering, incredulous. Soon another began to deprecate this achievement. "Ef our boys wuz let loose against 'em," he declaimed, prophetically, "th' hull damn army would be in Santiago termorrer."

The shaggy man launched into his side of subject with avidity, embellishing his argument with a profusion of reckless epithets such as are only heard in the army.

The discussion was about to assume the form of a pugilistic encounter, when a tall, dark youth on a wiry little horse broke in and asked them of the road. They answered his inquiries and he turned away. It was Tom Chidwell.

The manner of his coming to Cuba had been strange. By June the fifth, when he attained his majority, it was far too late to enlist and see active service. Still the war spirit burned within him—that subtle power that attracts men, as moths are drawn to the flame, from all over the world, to where a crimson glory is to be won, and death stalks red-handed through the smoke.

But though it was late, there was still one resource left him. His uncle was part owner of one of the great dailies. He was finally persuaded by Tom to allow his nephew to go to Cuba on one of his despatch boats. Here, thought Tom, was a chance to be *near* the fighting anyhow, and possibly to see his chum.

When they reached Siboney, tales of a great battle came to them. One of the correspondents had fallen sick, and after much pleading Tom was allowed to try to fill his place. So now he was on the road to the front.

It was dusk when the great white tents of a division hospital came to view. Here were those who had drained the battle-draught to the dregs. Here were men strangely mangled. There was one shot straight through the body, the bullet having made clean punctures at the places of entrance and exit; here another had his head swathed in bandages through which the blood oozed slowly. There were some horribly mutilated by shrapnel. One man had part of his leg entirely shot away; drops of blood fell from the flimsy first-dressing and a splinter of bare bone protruded in one place. Yet among all there was a heroic quietness and calm. Very few moaned, none complained. Surgeons were rushing from one

to another, performing delicate operations with incredible swiftness.

Tom had not imagined this in his image of war. Here was not Mars the glorious, Mars triumphant in the battle's storm and stress. Here was a sadly bedraggled Mars, miserable and torn and red. Yet there was something magnificent in the patient heroism here displayed.

Soon a great anxiety for his friend began to possess him. Should he find his friend like one of these? He had not hitherto realized how large a part of his life this other fellow was, what a void the passing of this chum would leave in his existence. He almost forgot that he had come hither in the capacity of a newsgatherer. He began a systematic search among the wounded, but did not discover whom he dreaded to find among them.

Once he thought he recognized his friend in a battered man who sat moodily on the ground, with downturned head. Tom knelt down to peer into the soldier's face. Part of the man's nose had been shot away, and where the left eye should have been was a cavity clotted with blood. Tom turned away, sickened. *That*, thank God, was not his friend.

Finally he decided to ride to the front, and seek his friend's regiment. His reporter's badge would gain him entrance everywhere. However, when he went for his horse, it had disappeared, and failing to find it after a short search, he decided to push on afoot. The firing line was, he learned, four and a half miles away.

It was night now, but a moon, almost full, was rising in the clear sky. The narrow road was rough and miry, and occasionally he sank over a foot deep into the mud. On each side, the road was shut in by a matted tangle of trees and bushes and thorny shrubs and vines, so thick as to be impenetrable to the eye, and sometimes rising in height to over

twenty feet. When the moon rose higher the path gleamed ahead like mottled silver.

After a time he passed a dressing station at the side of the road, which consisted of a little thatched shed manned by a surgeon and two soldier assistants. Occasionally a little band of two or three wounded men limped and staggered past toward the rear. They were all strangely silent, these men, and none accosted him or took the slightest notice of him, except one fellow, shot in the arm, who asked him for a chew of tobacco. At each wounded man he stared, painfully expectant.

Soon he came to a stream, on the bank of which he paused. It was of considerable width and he saw no available means of crossing. But while he hesitated a squad of wounded approached, and swashed carelessly through without a stop. With a feeling of shame he trudged on through the water.

Then he came to a long, silent stretch of road. The darkness on both sides and the still loneliness brought over him a sort of dull dread, which, however, now and then gave way to a nervous delight in the very solitude and strangeness of it all. From time to time little clattering noises came to him from the side of the road. He could not imagine what the strange sounds were. They troubled him. Finally, grasping one of the two revolvers he had purchased before leaving New York, and advancing to where one of the odd noises seemed to be, he found two great, mottled land-crabs rattling along the edge of the bushes. He crushed the hideous things fiercely with his foot.

He passed a few more dressing stations and forded a few more streams. He seemed now to have gone about three miles. From far in front was wafted the sound of desultory firing.

Around his legs the trousers began to cling, flabby and clammy. The stillness was gradually becoming madly oppressive, awful. He wished for some more wounded to pass, for, though they did not seem even to observe him, he felt a subtle sense of companionship in their mere presence. His thoughts became wildly irrational, almost morbid. He imagined for his friend all sorts of terrible wounds, a hundred horrible deaths. He just began to notice how the undergrowth, from the risen moon, cast across the bleached road a succession of grotesque images. They were oddly congruous to the strange phantasmagories of his mind. He felt as if he were walking *through* an interminable, hideous bas-relief. A long wail from some bird in the bushes shuddered through the air.

Soon he perceived that ahead the road curved sharply to the left. Somehow a crazy fancy seized him that around there he should find his friend dead. In his mind's eye he saw him, at the side of the road, his arms and legs flung awkwardly out, lying face downward, in the shadow. Unconsciously he hastened his pace.

Soon he had rounded the bend. Was this a reality or merely another foolish whim of the imagination? For there ahead, at the side of the road, was a great, broad-shouldered soldier, his arms and legs flung awkwardly out, lying face downward, in the shadow. Tom felt a paralytic trembling come over his limbs. "Was this — ? Was this — ?" Even in thought he dreaded the question.

The man had evidently been shot in the leg, for his trousers were ripped and a bandage showed. A great throb of relief pulsed to Tom's heart as he came nearer and saw that this was a negro. He knelt down by the man, feeling dimly grateful to him that he had not been the other, and groped for some sign of life. There was none.

On the bandage there was little blood, and that was old and black. Yet the man had not been long dead. Tom forced the limbs gently into a pose less grotesque.

Then suddenly it struck him as odd that a man should die from a mere wound in the leg. He passed his hand caressingly over the man's face, this man who had, he felt, in a way, died for his friend. Then he snatched his hand abruptly away. Startled, he gazed at it—it was red with *fresh* blood. Bending down he saw, in the forehead, an ugly hole, that seemed to leer out from under the hat brim.

At first he did not understand about this new wound, which had been the fatal one. But soon it all became clear to him. He remembered having heard at the hospital about the Spanish sharpshooters, who, perched in the mango trees, had been cut off by the swift advance of the American lines, and were satisfying a sense of duty by shooting at the wounded as they came back along the road.

Far in front the firing was commencing again. Suddenly a battery bellowed in deep bass, causing him to look up.

There he saw, approaching him, with one arm hanging limp from the shoulder—surely Billy Warburton! Tom jumped sharply to his feet. “Billy ——!”

But, drowning his speech, somewhere off in the thicket a rifle cracked sharply, followed by a faint thud as the bullet struck home. The soldier ahead staggered, and lurched forward, falling almost into Tom's arms. Tom got down to him and gently raised his head. “Speak to me, old man! Speak to me!” he cried, wildly.

The other slowly opened his glazed eyes. “Tom!” he murmured, with a vague wonderment in his tones. Then the eyes closed and a shudder passed over him and he lay still.

The battery had spoken again and from up the road drifted faintly the sound of cheers. But Tom did not heed. He

was searching madly at pulse and breast for the life-throb that was not. He took no notice of a locket of plain gold that had fallen from the soldier's breast-pocket and lay open in the road.

"Billy!" he wailed, "Billy! Billy!" *Harold A. Kellock*

Wolfran von Eschenbach

ALL of us knew Eschenbach, or thought we did. In fact we should have been quite indignant if any one had doubted our acquaintance. Not that he was a great person to know or hard to meet; but that as a member of our class we should have considered it disloyal to '9- not to have known him. And yet when it came to the point, how much did we know about Eschenbach? How much do we know about hundreds of men at Columbia, whom we see every day perhaps, and who occupy the same place in our lives as a familiar picture or a piece of furniture? He was a German, as his name implies; some one had said that his father was a rich brewer; and really that was the sum of our knowledge. For the rest, he was decidedly "Dutch" in appearance, with fair complexion, reddish hair and a broad short figure, and I cannot now recall anything else remarkable about him.

Always good natured and pleasant, always neatly and quietly dressed, this little German glided in and out of our college lives. We met him occasionally on the campus and said a few words to him, or borrowed his notes before an examination, and were not very careful to return them promptly. And so he passed for a good sort of grind, and that was all. And so we lose the good in many a man at Columbia, who, because he does not come forward to ingratiate us, or because there is nothing very pronounced about him, we pass by, and all the time an opportunity for mutual benefit

is lost. Perhaps this shocks us in Freshman year, used to the brotherhood of a boarding school; but we think it a more grown up way of living and bow to the fashion of the place, only too thankful that we have not been overlooked ourselves. Some years hence, when we hear that A or B has distinguished himself, we shall promptly remark: "I knew him at college;" and then pause at the thought that the intimacy was never sufficient to be recalled. Not that we can know every one; but that we can and should know and care more about people than we do.

I can only recall one occasion when I had a real conversation with Eschenbach. I was going downtown on the Amsterdam Avenue Cable, and he stepped in the car after me. I was bored at the thought of talking to him, but a feeling of loyalty came to my aid, and I quite enjoyed the conversation. The only part of this talk I remember was a discussion on Rhetoric C and VI., and his asking me if the latter course would be of use in public life; and I, smiling in a superior way, went into an elaborate exposition of the two courses, which I thought particularly clever of me, and which I had heard Dr. Odell give the week before to a class about to be released from the bonds of Rhetoric B.

And so things went on in their usual thriftless way, loafing all the term and hustling about borrowing other people's notes just before the exams.—the ant and the grasshopper acted over and over again—and we were well on in Junior year, and quite the most superior crowd in college, far above the lower classes. I remember one day taking up the Herald and noticing an account of the death of Prince Mauritz of Brigenhoff. The only reason it made any impression on me was because he had once given some very old books to Columbia, in an equally old and entirely obsolete language, and so the Spec. felt called upon to honor him with one of

those penny obituaries which are always written "just as we are going to press." Well, we do not have much to do with death at the "new site," and why should we gloat over these poor old millionaires, who have perhaps become tired even of having the best of everything?

It was Wednesday, and at eleven-thirty we had a lecture from Prof. Chandler in Chemistry. These lectures of the professors are an institution, and will go down in the history of Columbia as most delightful hours, in which the great knowledge, ability and tact of the lecturer make him so far above the petty frivolities of his audience that the greatest good feeling prevails on both sides. The noisy crowd of two or three hundred men had strolled into the big amphitheatre, skylarking, and throwing their hats at the chandeliers, with the vain hope that they would catch there, and cause a commotion; the professor had come in and received the usual ovation, and we had quieted down in waiting for the entrance of Dr. Laudy to make his list of absentees, as the next excitement. Suddenly, while we were all deep in the manufacture of glass, and the professor was writing the three kinds most used in chemical language on the board, one of the big doors opened, and eight or ten men in frock coats, with decidedly foreign faces, walked calmly and deliberately into the room. We were quite accustomed to visitors, anything from a stray mongrel to the Prince of Belgium; and the professor dropped the chalk and advanced to the end of the platform to welcome the arrivals. After a hand-shake with the spokesman and a few words in an under-tone, Professor Chandler returned to the middle of the counter at which he presides, with a card in his hand, and an air of suppressed excitement. We all waited wide-eyed and breathless. "These gentlemen have come for Wolfran von Eschenbach, who is now the Prince of Brigenhoff."

In the commotion that followed these few words, the little German—grind, as we had thought him—walked quietly down the middle aisle without stumbling on the irregular steps, his face the color of a peony, and yet with an air of dignity we had strangely never noticed before. He was received by the gentlemen in frock coats with an amount of respect very strange to our American eyes. Then turning to us, the Prince began to speak. "Before I go, I wish to thank you for your kindness to me, and I hope if any of you ever come to Brigenhoff you will let me do what I can in return." He then bowed to Professor Chandler, and started to leave the room, the frock coats standing aside to let him pass.

"Three cheers for Eschenbach!" yelled somebody. "Three cheers for the Prince of Brigenhoff!" shouted another voice. And the cheers were given as loudly as I have ever heard them; and in the midst of the prolonged "Columbia" at the end the Prince with another little bow left the room, followed by his suite. There was no more chemistry for us that day.

Aspirant

Niagara—Fragment

Something between a float and a glide,
Glistening and sunny and placid and wide.

Something between a drop and a start
With a swift quiet swoop deep through to the heart.

Something between a shoot and a slip,
With a rush and a stop and a climb and a dip.

Something between a pause and a sleep,
Before quickening the race for the thundering leap.

F. E. B.

Comments

THE Faculty, with its usual thoughtfulness and foresight, has again chosen the day of the publication of the first number of Morningside as the opening day of college. We appreciate the delicate compliment in this act, and assure the Faculty that we shall continue to watch over it and guide its actions through the perils and dangers of the coming college year ; and if we see any waywardnesses or back slidings manifesting themselves, we shall not hesitate to correct them. - To the student body, the address of welcome that comes most naturally to our lips, and seems to us to be most timely, is a little chat about the merits of the Morningside. Unfortunately there are still a few of the unredeemed who do not entirely agree with us here, and are still deep enough in Philistine mire to be interested in other subjects. Though this class is small, yet it is too large to be ignored entirely, so that for the present, we cannot indulge you, gentle reader, with a recital of our virtues, however much you may desire it, and must confine ourselves to the simple modest statement that our quality this year will be as much in advance of that of last year, as that of last year was in advance of our contemporaries'.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election to the Board of Editors of the Morningside of Messrs. John Erskine, 1900 College, and W. Robert Quinn, 1901 College.

Lines Written on Mt. Desert Steamer.

The stately ship sweeps through the isle-fringed shore,
All blue and purple, blent with brown and green ;
And much we marvel such a waste is seen
Of spruce-crowned citadels, estates galore,
Whole monarchies swayed by the unknown law
Of gulls and loons. Who has not saddened been
To see pale souls hungry for such a scene
Amid a city's sullen, ceaseless roar ?

O winsome Western Land, thy larger heart
Beats with affection for thy foster child ;
The borders of thy realm lie far apart,
Holding full many a tract thus fair and wild.
And yet we stifle in the smoky mart
Breathing the breath of furnaces defiled.

H. M. B.

The Biography of a Photograph.

YOU, who are men and made of flesh and blood, do not know what it means to be made of card-board. We, who are made of card-board, do not know what it means to be made of flesh and blood. But I know ; for though I am made of card-board, yet I have a heart, a thing no card-board should have ; and that heart has caused me more pain and misery than falls to the lot of many hearts of flesh and blood.

To begin with, I was born in an evil-smelling dish in a dark musty room, and my first recollection is the extremely unpleasant sensation of being rocked violently to and fro, and scraping very disagreeably against the sides of the dish. I stood it for a while, and grew strong and clear under it, but I soon became exhausted and began to fade. I believe I should have faded out altogether, if I had not been taken out just at this point and plunged into another dish, which not only smelt just as badly but burned me awfully. It seemed as if it would burn my whole skin off, and I wanted to cry ; but I could not, for though I was not card-board then, I was glass, a substance which has no more right to a heart than card-board.

They took me out at last, and when I was dry, they laid me on a clean white sheet of paper, slipped us both into a wooden case, and put us in the nice warm sunlight. I was just beginning to feel rested and comfortable when the queerest sensation you can possibly imagine began to steal over me. The sun seemed to be drawing part of me away. I did not fade but grew weaker. Soon I began to feel as if I was sinking back into the paper ; I then began to gather strength again, till I finally reached my normal strength, to find that I was on and part of the paper, with my old self before me looking just the same, save for the fact that it had no heart and was just a

dull piece of glass, for I had taken the heart with me. Then I was washed and dried and squeezed and washed and dried, till I thought I should fall to pieces, when they put me on a piece of card-board which afterwards became part and parcel, in fact the chief part, of my physical being. Soon they laid other card-boards by me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that they were my exact counterparts. But I could tell from their lack of movement and expression, that they were not cursed with hearts, lucky fellows! They must have come from the old shell I left in the wooden frame.

But there was a greater surprise in store for me than this. We were all packed together in a large envelope, and that was the last I saw of the outside world for two days. During that period we were knocked and battered and carried miles and miles away, so far that I began to fear that we would reach the end of the world; when we finally got to the end of our journey, we were taken out by a man who was the very duplicate of me. That my counterparts who came with me should look like me, was natural, for they were taken from my shell, but that this man, miles away from my shell, should look so like me was past my comprehension. The Man however, did not give me time to think long but laid us all in a row, looked us all over carefully, laid me aside, put the rest back in the envelope and began to change his clothes, leaving me to wonder what he had set me aside for.

When the Man had dressed he put me in his pocket, and carried me away with him, where I could not tell, for I could of course see nothing. When he took me out, I found myself in a large warm room, being handed over to the most wonderful creature I have ever seen. I cannot describe her, for I was conscious only of two of the softest, sweetest, brownest eyes gazing at me from a face so lovely that my poor card-board heart went to her on the spot. She looked at me intently for a

moment, then laid me carelessly down. While I lay there I watched the Man, and I saw from his face that she was all in the world to him. When the Man went away, I was taken upstairs and stood upon a dainty little table, and that lovely creature seated herself opposite me, and looked at me for a long time with her chin in her hands, and suddenly picked me up and pressed me to her lips. Oh! how I wished at that moment that I was something besides a miserable impotent piece of card-board! How I wished I was big and strong, and able to take her in my arms and tell her how I loved her; but I could not; in fact I was only a bust and had no arms. I did not understand why she should kiss me; she had never seen me before, and I was only card-board after all; but she had done it, and I would have done anything in my poor little power to have had her do it again.

The next night the Man came again. When he left, I heard her kiss him, and when she came upstairs she looked flushed but very happy. Now I knew why she had kissed me the night before, and the knowledge made me sad; for she did not care for me, she loved the Man, and she kissed me because I looked like him. But I loved her, I would have done anything for her, and could not tell her so. If I could have told her I would not have minded so much, for then she would have pitied me; but now, though she kissed me every night after that, and though those kisses were heaven to me, yet all the time she was not thinking of me at all, for who would ever suppose that a card-board photograph could be in love. The Man came every night, and every night she kissed him good-night, and afterwards me, and it broke my heart.

But there came a change. One night the Man did not come, but somebody else came into her room. He was older than the Man, not so handsome, and wore eyeglasses, but she kissed him too. I wondered why, but then there are many

things I do not know, and it was right or she would not have done it ; and this older man, taking her hands in his, talked with her for a long time. And when he began, she was smiling and happy, and his words took the smile from her face, and her eyes grew big and frightened, and her breath came short and fast ; and when he finished, she did not move, but looked straight ahead, as if she saw something far off, and her lips moved, but she said nothing. Then the old man, with a sob, caught her in his arms, and I could see two great tears rolling down his cheeks ; but she did not move. She lay in his arms like a log without saying a word, and when he left her with a broken "good-night," she lay back on the bed just as she was, and seemed to sleep. But she did not sleep, for every few minutes I could see her eyes open, and she would push her hair back from her forehead, and let her hand drop heavily and lie still again. All night she lay thus, but in the morning she cried ; oh, how she cried ! Every sob seemed to shake her very soul. And I could not comfort her. My heart ached, and I longed to help her ; but I could not, for I was made of card-board.

The next day she took me and started to put me in a box full of letters and faded flowers. But she did not seem to be able to do it ; she hesitated for a moment, then with a catch of her breath put me back on the table, wrapped up the box, and addressed it to the Man. Then she took me up and put me in an old mahogany box which she kept in the little safe in her desk.

A month after she brought another photograph, and took me out, and laid it beside me. It was the likeness of a woman in a white dress, with a long white veil from her head reaching to her feet ; the dress was rich and beautiful but the face was cold and proud. She studied it carefully, and then put us both in the mahogany box.

Once in a while now she takes us out, lays us side by side, and gazes at us with those sweet mournful eyes of hers ; and my heart goes out to her afresh ; and the photograph beside me I hate, and the Man I hate, and all the world I hate. For she, who is more than the world to me, whom I love with all my poor self, aye, and whom the Man loved too, she is sad ; and her heart is heavy, and her eyes are softer, sweeter, but weary, very weary ; and the Man did it—therefore I hate the Man, even as I love her.

J. R. K.

The Angel

The Angel of Renunciation came
And wrestled with me ; and I would not cease,
From dusk to dawning, till I knew his name,
Wherefore he blessed my yearning : " I am Peace ! "

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.

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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (a) Private or Municipal Law, (b) Medicine, (c) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (d) History, Economics and Public Law, (e) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (f) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are ad-

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2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*

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